

assortment of patented medicines stood neatly on the upper shelves, and the lower shelves held everything from bright colored crayons to hot water bottles. The back of the store still houses the pharmacy with its rows of apothecary jars full of miracle potions.

A flickering light attracted my attention to the ceiling where acoustical tile and fluorescent fixtures had taken the place of the large incandescent lights with chain pulls and the overhead suspension fans that cast shadows like great winged birds.

I finished my coke and noticed that the squeaking wooden floors that I used to walk on had been covered with gray asphalt tile. As I walked out the door, I saw my reflection in a mirror and knew, wistfully, that not only the store had changed.

Snow

David Fruits

THE TRUE measure of an individual can be determined by the number of people who are sorry when he passes away. Snow was not widely known, but all who knew her were grieved, even the undertaker.

Snow was blind and partially deaf, but her hands were both her eyes and ears. When she reached out to touch, it seemed as if she were reaching for sight. By putting her finger tips on one's lips, she could understand every word that was said. Being blind was no handicap to Snow.

Snow lived alone and she had to take care of her home. One never saw a house as clean, shiny and nice as Snow's. To test the flame of her gas stove, she would stick her hand directly over the fire. If it was too high she would turn it down, and if it was too low she would turn it up, and test the flame again. The flame never made her cry out or show any pain.

Her smile never told one that she was blind. Her white hair and wrinkled skin showed that she was aging, but her voice was still as cheerful as a child's.

Snow knew every inch of her home, even the exact location of every piece of furniture, and she could reach her destination without running into anything. Her blindness never stopped her from going to church, and on church holidays she would decorate her walking cane. If there was a knock at her door for volunteers or for any type of aid, she always helped in any way she could. As she became more hard of hearing, she could not even hear the knock on the door, and there was the time that she was knocking on a door herself.

When Snow was born, her mother wanted to call her Snow Frost, but her father thought that Snow was bad enough. She lived up to her name, a name that most found charming. Winter in her hair, and summer in her heart, Snow was to her family, what Helen Keller is to the entire world.